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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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To-morrow.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime
Go down the heavens of freedom,
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterlest need them.
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day
The promised land to-morrow.

Our hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten;
Lo! now its dawn bursts on the sky—
Lean out your souls and listen.
The earth rolls freedom's radiant way.
And ripens with our sorrow,
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
And beat a pathway sunward
We're beaten back in many a fray,
Yet never strength we borrow,
And where our vanguard rests to-day
Our rear shall rest to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years
The people's cry ascended;
The earth was wet with blood and tears
Ere their weak sufferings ended.
The few shall not forever away,
The many toil in sorrow;
The bars of hell are strong to-day,
But right shall rule to-morrow.

—Gerald Massey.

A Fortune in Marriage.

Allan Payne landed in London Wednesday, and remained in his hotel till the following noon. Then the consciousness that a speedy call upon his lawyers was necessary for the immediate replenishing of his purse, imbued him with a sense of haste, which he smilingly told himself had been entirely foreign to him until his return to English atmosphere.

Upon the receipt of his card Mr. Jamieson, the senior member of the good old firm of Jamieson, Caxton & Jamieson, rushed from his private office, and fairly clasped young Payne to his heart, while a look of unspeakable relief came over his anxious face.

"This is very good in you, I assure you, Mr. Jamieson," exclaimed Allan; "but I scarcely dared hope for such a welcome. It's supremely gratifying to find that you really are glad to see me, but I've been gone only three years, after all."

"Only three years," gasped Mr. Jamieson, with a new grasp of his bewildered caller's arm. "Say rather, three centuries, three ages. Why man; to-morrow is your last day of grace! Your Uncle Ned, you know, always opposed your going to America, especially when you staid so long. He was very fond of you, Allan—very much more so than you ever knew—for he had a rough way which ill-fitted your boyish perversity. But the fact was that his whole soul was in you and your future, from the very day that your father died and left you and Nellie—a blonde-headed boy and a sky-eyed girl—to his bachelor brother. Ned grew much changed before he died, and he told me all about it. Up to the last moment, he hoped and longed and prayed that you would come, but he would not let me write, and he died without seeing you, his hungry old heart worn out with unsatisfied waiting."

Allan's head had fallen on the desk before him—the same boyish, blonde head which had won his old uncle's adoration with its pride, yet loveableness, long ago. As the lawyer paused, his voice came low and husky;

"I did not know—he was always so cold to me that I thought he hated me."

"Yes, and he'd never let me tell you, my boy, so we can't blame you too much. You were of the same defiant stock as he, and I think he admired you for it, even to the last, when your long absence deprived him of the only love he ever had. But I must go—the will. He left very little to Nellie, for I drew up the will the day she was married, and her husband is a western millionaire. All he had asked to you—on one condition."

"And that?" asked Allan slowly, struck by the awe in Mr. Jamieson's voice.

"That you marry."

"He was an excellent example to preach that," broke in the young man; "he who hated women."

"True, but he hated worse your tendency to wander aimlessly over the earth—now in Sweden, now in Asia, like as he used to say, a man who was ashamed to come home. He felt that a wife, a family, would keep you here, if all else failed. However, you did not

hear me through. You were to marry within a year.

"And to-morrow—"
"And to-morrow noon must find you a benedict or this whole vast fortune goes to Exeter Home for Foundlings."

Payne's lips grew gradually pale as the stern reality faced him.

"Why didn't you tell me?"
"I couldn't. It was a provision of the will that you should not be warned. He said if love of him and love of your country weren't stronger in your heart than love of women and love of money, you did not deserve his money. You know I wrote you as often, as urgently as I dared."

"Yes, but I was too blind to see. You wrote that you—that my old friends were yearning for me, and I thought you were foolish. Then you said something about the property needing me, but I only laughed. But," as a new thought struck him and set his face aglow, "perhaps he named some girl to be sacrificed for my money—some ward of his, some pale-faced girl who watered the geraniums in the window across from his—some one whom he wanted to lift out of misery, in the style usually adopted by all old methods of disposing of their fortune."

"Don't Allan! You must not let yourself speak so scornfully of him. He may have been unreasonable. But he did it for love of you. Nor did he name a woman—she must be English, that is all."

"And that is the end of it. He could not have made me a beggar more completely if he had disinherited me outright."

"But, my boy, you have no ~~conscience whatever~~ out the provisions of his will."

Allan raised his pale, hopeless face in surprise. Then he asked:

"Do you mean that I must marry before to-morrow night?"

"Exactly. If not, your allowance stops, and you may have the beautiful prospect of starvation."

"And," replied Allan, as he thrust his hands into his empty pockets, with a grim smile, "I came here to get money to pay my hotel bill."

"Which I cannot give you out of your uncle's money, though I'll advance it myself, with hopes of a safe future. But no more talking; you have thirty-six hours in which to save yourself."

"I cannot do it."

"Now, my boy, you must. Sit down and be sensible. Let us talk it over reasonably. Go to some girl, lay the case before her, and you need not live with her. If in the end you can't love each other, you may get a divorce. There is plenty of time to lose the money later. Come, what girls did you know?"

"Let me see! There was Caroline Smith—"

"I saw her in the window, with her baby in her arms, the morning," put in the lawyer.

"And Kate Wellesley—"

"Kate died shortly after you went away."

"And Harriet Moore—"

"She is engaged to marry my son."

"And that honestly is all I remember. You know, I had never been out in London, for I left the week after I graduated. There is a pretty, indistinct dream of any number of pink-cheeked, clear-eyed girls who used to come to the hops; but for the life me I can't recall a single distinct name."

"Let me go home and think it over. I promise you I'll try my best to save myself. If I haven't hit upon a plan by nine o'clock to-morrow morning I'll come to you and leave matters in your hands. Perhaps—" with a smile at the sight of a skirt in the next room—"perhaps I'll have to marry your stenographer."

"My stenographer is the wife of one of my clerks."

Allan groaned. He dreaded to go out into the world, even though this part of it had been strange to him so long. A glance at an evening paper revealed that his return had been chronicled, with the further news that his name was on the list of the W—club. Fearing that this might call down a lot of the old college boys, he telephoned his man to pack him a small bag and meet

him at the present corner. The valet arrived; he smiled grimly at thus standing on the streets of his native city, with no roof to welcome his truant head, and the sign of "Rooms to Let" in a semi-comfortable house opposite him, soon led him to establish himself in a cheap, but fortunately, neat room, so completely lost that he felt he could hide here for years in peace. The problem of dinner was disturbing him, when there fell on his sensitive ear the sounds of a high, Irish voice in the hall without, followed by a low, coaxing word or two from a woman evidently of most gentle birth and raising.

"An' shure," came the first woman's strident tones, "an' if ye be after thinking I'm a-goin' to leave the wash an' ye not give me the money—why, shure, an' yer fooled."

"But I promise faithfully you shall have it in the morning. I expected it to-day, but it hasn't come. I haven't a bit of fresh linen—not even a handkerchief."

"An' ye won't be after havin' any till I see the money," was the triumphant retort, as the landress's heavy feet began to shuffle down the uncarpeted stairs.

The pretty, low voice began anew its pleadings; then the words were choked in a big sob, and he could stand it no longer. Flinging open his door, he strode down to the fleeing Irish woman, caught the little basket from her, and tossed a coin at her feet. Then, gravely shouldering the disputed property, he re-ascended the stairs, and, with a low bow, deposited it before its rightful owner.

"I beg pardon, madam," he began, as he glanced at the tiny, black-robed woman before him; but I couldn't help hearing, when walls are so thin, and it is a great pleasure to me do this little for you. You may pay me when you can conveniently," he added, as he feared by her frightened face that he had been too bold.

Allan didn't know much about women, but he felt pretty certain that such a dainty one as the one before him, could really find life unendurable without her usual share of pretty feminine belongings, and no doubt his eyes showed his sympathy, for his companion went on eager, childlike innocent:

"I have just come from Birmingham and I haven't a penny till I hear from—some one to whom I wrote yesterday. I'm here all alone; I don't know a soul in London, and—and I've been so lonesome ever since dear Charlie died. That was over a year ago; but I don't seem to get any happier."

Allan ground his teeth in jealous rage at the thought of poor, defenceless Charlie, and was heartless enough to exult secretly that the timid little creature before him was so thoroughly alone and friendless that his aid might be valued. A sudden resolve surged in his bosom.

"Please come down to the parlor, Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Ewing," confessed the tiny widow.

"Have something to say to you."

Two hours later two cabs drew up before Mr. Jamieson's home, and from the first stepped forth the handsome, yet nervous, Mr. Allan Payne. He tenderly helped from the other a tiny little woman, whose pale face was hid behind her widow's veil, and the excited lawyer stared in amazement at the two callers ushered into his library.

"We have come, Mr. Jamieson," began Allan, "to talk this over with you and to get you to satisfy Mrs. Ewing that I am, although a poor fellow in most things, not so extraordinarily bad as to bar me from becoming her husband. She has entirely satisfied me as to her past; she was raised in a convent till eighteen, and then came out, only to be misused by a step-father. She further incurred her people's wrath by marrying a poor man, and when he died, last summer, she was too proud to ask them for help. She has been trying to live on what little he left her, but she had to send home for money yesterday. She has proofs enough to satisfy any lawyer. What I want you to do is to satisfy her about me."

At noon next day Ruth Ewing became the wife of Allan Payne—dear, demure, little Ruth, in the black gown put on at her first husband's

death, giving herself to another. At the church door Payne led her to her carriage, and said, while a queer, white line began to creep about his lips.

"As we arranged before Mr. Jamieson last night, we need never live together as man and wife. You have done me the greatest favor of my life, and I shall be endlessly grateful. I shall not bother you with my comings and goings unless you wish it. You may address me through Mr. Jamieson, and I can find you in the same way. Is there anything else?"

"No thank you," came from the sweet, sad mouth, which had all at once quivered strangely. "I shall be off to some quiet place to rest and—to think. Good-bye."

Six weeks later Payne came into Mr. Jamieson's office, haggard, aimless and weary. It was the first time he had dared face his lawyer since his wedding, and now he asked in aimless, hopeless way:

"She is well?"

"She? Who?" asked the innocent Mr. Jamieson.

Poor Payne was too miserable to notice the trap, and replied, as he turned his tired eyes out of the window:

"My wife—Mrs. Payne."

Mr. Jamieson's smile broadened as he noted the tenderness, the pride in the name, but replied carelessly: "She is well, I think. I received a letter from her this morning, and she sent back this month's check—she explained that she had scarcely touched last month's and she does not care for so much money at once."

Allan looked annoyed. "I trust she isn't going to do that. She saved the fortune, so she ought to have it all. Arrange it some way, Jamieson, so she'll have all she can possibly use."

Then he arose, thrust his hands disconsolately into his pockets, and began:

"Do you know, my dear friend, I can't endure this any longer? I'm married, and I'm not, and I don't fit anywhere. I've tried for six weeks to amuse myself, and it's a complete failure. London is dead, and when I went to see Nellie she was overjoyed to have me with her, but bored me to death about that precious, new baby. I must get away to rest—and to think. You don't know of any quiet place, do you?"

"There's a dozen good places about here, you know Shingle, Wayte's Point, and—Pinside."

Allan looked at him wistfully, but there was no corresponding sympathy in the calm face before him. Payne sighed hopelessly and answered:

"Pinside sounds restful, and I'll try that. Good-bye."

"Oh, I say, Payne," called Mr. Jamieson, as his visitor turned to depart, "you're lonesome, that's all. It's a pity you didn't come home in time to find a wife you could love."

The young husband ground his teeth, while a sudden shadow came over his eyes. Then, without a word, he left the room. Could it have been a laugh that poor Allan heard as he passed out into the hall?

The next morning's sun was high up in the heavens before Allan came down to explore the tangled old garden surrounding the quaint little brown house which Pinside's station agent had pointed out to him the evening before, as a good place in which to rest. He had wandered about for nearly an hour before he raised his eyes to his neighbor's grounds, and as he did so he saw a tiny, brown-eyed woman just on the other side of the hedge—the little woman with the most kissable mouth ever made. With a gentle dignity he remembered from their wedding day, she advanced toward him, holding out a tiny, pink palm with a demure grace which maddened him. She wore a blue gown, however, and that lifted a world of agony from him—he would have died had she clung to the weeds of "dear Charlie."

"I never dreamed of your coming here," she began, as she drew her fingers from his close grasp.

"I don't know till this instant that you were here, I assure you," were his first words. Her face fell—was she disappointed that he had not come to see her? Emboldened by this possible show of

interest, he leaned over the low gate and, asked:

"Now that I am here, may I stay, Mrs.—?"

"Mrs. Payne," supplied she, quietly, with a hint of added color in her pale cheeks.

He trembled, hesitated, and all but lost. Then the sight of two big tears slowly struggling up in the hungry, brown eyes before him, filled him with a rash courage, and, leaping boldly over the slight barrier between them, Allan Payne impetuously kissed his wife fairly on the mouth.—*Exchange.*

TEACHES WOMEN HOW TO TALK.

VOICE CORRECTION BY A SPECIALIST IN THE ART OF CONVERSATION—THE NEWEST FAD ON MURRAY HILL—PRACTICAL AIDS TO THE CORRECT USE OF THE VOICE—MRS. CLEVELAND'S CHARMING TONES.

(N. Y. World, Nov. 26.)

Voice correction, or voice culture, is the very latest fad. If you are a Boston girl, broad in your a's and nasal and east-windy in your bronchial tubes; if you are a Chicago girl, with a voice like a Western cyclone and large round r's; if you are a maid from the South, with a slovenly sweet little way of slurring vowels and talking dialect; if you are a club woman, and read essays and make speeches in the low voice that Shakespeare thought an excellent thing in women, but which is the despair of your audiences, or if you are merely a New Yorker, accustomed to talk against what Mr. Richard Watson Gilder calls the "thunder of Broadway," and have cultivated a vocal force as musical as a callopie, you will be interested to know that a specialist in "voice correction" has arisen in the great metropolis of New York, and that it is quite the fad to have your voice corrected.

The voice specialist is an Englishwoman. She is neither pretty nor stylish, but she is a siren. She was, to begin with, a teacher of singing and elocution. She finds to much more profitable now to teach people to talk.

Her conversation is a delight; her English is perfect; her enunciation clear, deep, musical. To speak with her in the ordinary aggressive tone of every-day life, to drop one's g's and slur one's u's, would be to follow a Beethoven symphony with a Bowery song. She has a studio on Murray Hill, and has a flourishing clientele of society girls, club women, actresses, and various professional folk.

She makes a specialty of the conversation voice.

"How beautiful," said Max O'Rell, "is the American woman—until she opens her month!" And who ever heard of a woman who could keep her month shut!

"So many women educate themselves to sing," this voice specialist declared to a *World* reporter, "but so few educate themselves to talk. The voices of American women are woefully ill-treated. On the Continent one shudders at the rasping, aggressive tones, the bronchial or nasal aspirates, that mark the American woman. Her voice is in contrast to the deep-breathed tones of her English cousin, and discords painfully with the musical Latin tongues."

"When I first come to this country I was astonished at the number of American girls who were learning how to sing before they had learned how to talk. It is a curious fact that girls who are taught to breathe properly in singing, and who are possessed of musical taste and excellent vocal organs, never seem to think of talking according to the wise theories they have learned in singing."

TALKING BELOW THE WAIST LINE

"I cannot, obviously, give you the names of my pupils. One of my most successful 'subjects' is a member of Sorosis, a woman of unusual culture and grace. She is large and stately, a veritable full-breasted Juno," yet Mrs.—pardon me! Yet she had a voice like a penny whistle. It was really a punishment to strain one's ears to hear the still, small, shrill voice emanating from that glorious woman's throat.

"When she came to me I said to her, 'My dear madam, did you ever consider that you own a diaphragm?'—She had never thought of it. 'Take off your corsets,' said I, 'and we'll see what is left of it.' I gave her fifteen minutes' exercise on the vowels, and at the end of that time she was in intelligent possession of her diaphragm. She had never talked from below her waist line before."

"She came to me three mornings a week for several months. It was an absolute delight to teach her. Nature had gifted her with fine vocal organs and an unusual instinct for expression, but she had unfortunately acquired that still, small, shrill, affected tone that was as incongruous as a mouse's tweak in a lion's mouth."

"She developed a fine, clear, sonorous contralto, which she can now control with ease for the ordinary uses of club speech-making and essay reading, and in the lower key of private conversation her voice is delightful."

"The average American woman shrieks or squeaks in private, and in public cannot make herself heard by a drawing-room audience, or else shrieks at them like a fish-woman."

"There are notable exceptions. Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, is one of these. Her voice is always conversational and delightfully distinct and well-sustained. Another voice that is pleasant to remember is Frances Willard's. It has a 'homely' quality in it that is the secret of some of her wonderful success with women audiences. It puts them at ease. What it lacks in musical cadence it makes up in its own individual qualities of friendliness and humor."

"Kate Field has a voice of this sort. It is a personal voice, a gift, a stroke of genius."

MRS. CLEVELAND'S VOICE.

"I was in Washington last winter. I attended a White House reception and I learned, one of the secrets of Mrs. Cleveland's charm. She has a voice. I do not think she sings—or the general public has not heard of it, if she does—but her speech is a continual song without words. More than that, this woman, who has never talked too much, in spite of all the temptations and traps of her official career as the first lady of the land, talks just enough to be a finished diplomat."

"I heard Mrs. Cleveland say: 'I am glad to meet you,' 'Yes?' 'Thank you' and 'Pardon me' and in her tones, modulations and shades of accent, in repetitions of the greetings and common phrases there was a power of expression and a personal magnetism that impressed every person in the long line of visitors. Mrs. Palmer has the diplomatic voice, also, to an extraordinary degree."

"If you will consider the most successful and charming women of society you will find that they possess this peculiar and desirable quality of voice. What I attempt and accomplish is to develop whatever voice the woman possesses, to train her in its use, to teach her wherein lie her defects of accent and to remedy these defects. I will illustrate, and here I will use a name, because she is a professional woman and there can be no possible objection to speaking of her public work."

AN ACTRESS'S VOICE CULTURE.

"When Miss Clara Morris, a woman of undoubted talent and an actress of more than ordinary histrionic ability, went on the stage she had a voice that the critics declared was a compromise between a buzz-saw and a Western cyclone. They declared that when she played emotional parts her audiences went home with the earache. Mrs. Morris is a charming woman and took all this criticism good-naturedly. She profited by it."

"She purchased a phonograph and supplemented her vocal exercises by talking her parts into the instrument. These she redied out again and again, hearing the defects and faults of her voice as her critics had heard them. Sometimes she would repeat a single speech dozens of times into the instrument until she had found the timbre and emphasis and expression of voice necessary to the senti-

ment of the speech. It was painstaking work, but it paid her, and her voice took on new and sweeter tones and her interpretation of her roles became more artistic as her emotions were exploited naturally."

"Not long ago among my pupils was a little Southerner. She persisted in saying 'Ah' for 'I,' slurred her words and spoke execrable English. She was a soubrette in a New York company, and did really clever work of a sort, but the manager had declared that if she did not learn to speak English as it is spoken above Mason and Dixon's line she would have to leave the company. Her accent was only congruous with a war drama."

"She tossed her head over the first criticisms and considered the Southern accent one of her charms, like the dimples in her cheeks, but when it became an obstacle to earning her salary she came to me and took her lessons very humbly."

THE PRAIRIE ACCENT.

"I have now a Western girl who will be considerably in evidence this winter in New York society, whose 'twang' I am correcting. Americans point to the corruptions of the language in England because the English of Lancashire and the English of London are different dialect, and there are hamlets in the south of England where the English of the north would be incomprehensible. But in America the same is true only in lesser degree."

This Western girl is of good family is an heiress and spent some time at school in a French convent, but she brings back to New York the tongue of the prairie and the voice which is like that curious musical instrument common among American farmers, the horsefiddle. She speaks an entirely different language from the patois of the New Yorkers, and what work I have had to weep out the French phrases she thought so charming interspersed in her prairie dialect."

THE DOWN EAST VOICE.

"My only specimen of the New Englander is a New Hampshire girl who is visiting relatives in New York—a bright, pretty girl, who talks above her palate and sends her voice through the nose. It distressing voice, but I have begun by teaching her how to breathe. When she realizes that she has a reservoir of sound in her body she will cease to speak entirely with her head, and her lungs will begin to expand that narrow chest of hers."

"I have a sixteen-years-old girl with what her mother designates the 'giggles,' a sort of voice hysteria that we often hear developed into tiresome affected titter of the middle-aged woman because the habit is not corrected in youth."

TALKING AGAINST NOISE.

"There is, however, some excuse for the inharmonious voice of the American woman. America is the noisiest country in the world. A foreigner cannot hear himself think, but the American woman goes serenely on talking at the top of her voice, to be heard above the clamor of the crowd. It is this talking against street noises that ruins the American woman's voice."

"For many years the chief phase that has been hurled in derision against the advanced woman has been to call her 'a member of the shrieking sisterhood!' It is true that public speaking and the liberties of the new woman, in America more than anywhere else, have tended to increase the 'shrieking sisterhood,' because the American woman seems to assert herself in her voice."

"As it is the hour for Miss Minnehaha, I must beg you to excuse me for my laughing lesson."

"Laughing lesson?"
The voice specialist laughed. As she did so brooks bubbled and swallows sung! 'Such a beautiful laugh it was!' 'Certainly,' she said, 'I also give lessons in laughter. It has been said that women have no sense of humor. I know at least that few of them know how to laugh musically. I have made a special study of it. At present I have only one pupil, the little girl with voice hysteria, whom I am teaching a genuine, pleasant, wholesome laugh, as a substitute for the unfortunate school-girl giggle.'

COLUMBUS.

A Visit from the President of Gallaudet College.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE HOME HOLD A MEETING.

The Usual Small Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

An interesting and pleasing event of the week, especially to the Alumni of Gallaudet College here, was the visit of President Gallaudet, Wednesday afternoon. Principal Patterson received a letter from him Tuesday, posted at Chicago, stating that if his plans were not changed he, President Gallaudet, would reach Columbus at noon on the day indicated above, and remain until evening. This news was received by "his boys" with delight, and arrangements were made to render the doctor's short stay as pleasant as possible. He arrived as per schedule. Business of importance concerning the institutions of the deaf detained him in the city, and it was not until three o'clock that the institution doors swung open to receive the distinguished visitor. He was introduced to Superintendent Jones by Principal Patterson, and after a short conference made the rounds of the classes, and met, with one or two exceptions, all the teachers, having a pleasant word for each a well as for the pupils in the classes he visited. The latter were delighted to hear that their former associates, now students at the college, were all doing well. To a number of them, Dr. Gallaudet was no stranger, for they had seen his likeness in the newspapers, and hence, when he appeared among them, it was like meeting an old friend.

Later, Dr. Gallaudet called on the families of Principal Patterson, Messrs. McGregor, Schory and Greener.

The pleasing feature of the evening was the informal dinner tendered Dr. Gallaudet. This took place in a cozy little room at Smith's Hotel, free from all gazers. There were eight plates laid, and beside each was a pretty little bouquet, tied up with the college colors, buff and blue. Dr. Gallaudet sat at the head of the table, opposite him was McGregor, '72. At the Dr.'s right was Patterson, '70; at his left Charles, '89, Zorn, '90, and Schory, '81, were at the right and left of McGregor, while Waite, '78, and Greener, ex-'77, occupied center seats, respectively left and right.

The menu was splendid; the service all that could be desired. And here for nearly an hour and a half the inner man was feasted, college days and college boys recalled; educational matters pertaining to the deaf dissected—but time waits for no one, and the hands of the clock indicated that the feast of reason must be brought to a close, and the party with its distinguished guest headed for the depot.

President Gallaudet evidently believes in pedestrianism, for he refused all offers to go to the depot by conveyance, and so arm in arm with Messrs. Patterson and McGregor, followed by the rest of the boys, he marched to the station. A few moments later he was aboard the train. The boys went into the car to bid him good-bye and a safe journey home. Evidently he felt loth to depart, for after they had left the car the doctor followed and from the platform waved to them with his handkerchief, which was enthusiastically returned. While here Dr. Gallaudet called on Gov. McKinley and Rev. Washington Gladden, the eminent divine.

Progress towards the opening of the Home is being made. On Saturday evening the recently appointed Board of Managers met in the office of the Superintendent of the institution to effect an organization. Of those chosen all residing in the city were present except Messrs. W. H. Williams and H. E. Filler. The meeting was called on short notice, and but for that some of the managers residing out of town would have been in attendance.

Mr. Robert Patterson was chosen President of the Board, Mr. McGregor, Secretary, and Mr. Thoma McGinness, Treasurer. The executive committee chosen consists of the President, Secretary, with Messrs. Jones, Eagleson and Schory. Messrs. Talbot, Hartnett and Zorn were appointed a committee to examine and audit the books of the treasurer.

The purchase of an adjoining tract of land to the Home, which is for sale, came up for consideration and power was given the Executive Committee to act as seemed best.

On motion of Mr. Schory, the President was authorized to appoint a board of lady visitors, and in accordance chose the following:— Mrs. W. H. Williams, Miss Car-

rie Feasley, Mrs. Ella Zell, Mrs. O. S. Hooper, Miss Bessie Edgar, Mrs. Robert Patterson, Miss Maggie Long, Mrs. Rosaltha Stewart, Mrs. J. B. Showalter, Mrs. A. W. Mann.

Since the meeting was held, the Executive Committee made an offer of \$1000 for the tract of land just south of the Home property, and their bid was accepted. The money will be paid to the rightful party as soon as a deed and abstract are furnished.

The Ladies' Aid Society, at their meeting Thursday evening, concluded to change the date and place of holding their social from December 5th, to December 7th. It will be held in the girls' playroom from 5:30 to 10 P.M. This change will be more convenient for all concerned.

The first fall of snow this season greeted people here upon waking up Wednesday morning. There was not much of it; just enough and whet the enthusiasm of the small boy.

Mr. Frank Streby came across us in the Institution just after school Thursday evening, anxiously looking for the Principal, whom he was in a hurry to see. His family was waiting for him at the depot. He was moving to Hocking County, where he will manage a farm on shares for his father-in-law. Mansfield, he says, offers no work for the deaf there at present, as most of them are out of employment with no prospects soon of being engaged.

Jesse Stewart, of Byesville, Belmont County, was mingling among friends here this week. He had just returned from a trip to Wilmington, looking for a place to open up a harness shop.

Mr. C. Oliver Power, of this city, treated the children to a stereopticon exhibition in the chapel Tuesday evening. The views were all fine and greatly interested those in attendance.

Last Saturday one hundred hands were discharged from Hayden's rolling mill, owing to the high price of a certain grade of iron. The firm cannot compete with the lower grades, as they do not handle them. Among those in the list laid off was Mr. Joseph Leib. He has been employed in the mill about fifteen years. He does not expect work there again, and hence has gone to elsewhere to secure employment in another mill.

Santa Barbara, California, is beginning to have quite a colony of the deaf. The latest addition to the number is Miss M. C. Boyle, from Oregon, though she formerly lived in Ohio. The others are Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Park, and Mr. and Mrs. James M. Park, all from Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Waters, from New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, from Michigan. In addition, there are one or two others whose names we cannot now recall.

A B. G.

Nov. 23, '95.

HARTFORD.

OUR MATRON'S BIRTHDAY.

For tact, delicacy, and all those delightful qualities which lend charm, grace, and bewitching attractiveness to each one of their gentle conspiracies, these "Hartford Girls" cannot be surpassed. This time "Our Girls" were kind; but that does not half express it, for, as a visitor remarked, "they are just too lively for anything." They invited the men.

Friday was the birthday of our genial House Mother, Miss Greenlaw. Just how many years she has kept the domestic machinery lubricated to the right running order, I do not know. But no matter how long a time she has been with us, anyone meeting her would say at once, "She does not look it." The day came with its usual routine of duties, and our good matron went about her work, as if she had never been born and wasn't going to be. Some consternation fell upon the conspirators, when it was learned that Miss Greenlaw was thinking of making a call upon a friend in the evening. By skillful diplomacy that move was checked, and to honor her birthday she was unsuspiciously persuaded to make herself beautiful. The dearest little woman in town was beguiled to call upon the matron to keep her at home until eight o'clock. Her appearance was just the decoy to keep things in order until the hour of surprise.

At the appointed time the company marched in with "congratulations," "happy birthdays," "many returns," "long life," and such a concert of salutations and compliments, with garlands of chrysanthemums, till there began to be a tremulous motion of our matron's upper eyelids and her voice ran off into demisemi-quavers. The parlors were well filled with a goodly company, and just enough display of millinery to suggest the blending of culture, good sense, good taste, and good manners.

Refreshments, did you say? The gods would have grown green with envy at the sight of that table. Dainty is no name for the dazzle, the splendor, the glow and enticement of it. Cups so fragile and irresistible that one could not help sipping from them, with spoons just made to grow sentimental over and

to toy with. Everything about the decorations suggested that refinement of touch that works so magical a transformation in the common things of everyday life. Our excellent housekeeper, Mrs. Waite, had entered into the affair with hearty good will, and enthusiasm, and the good things prepared added much to the evening's enjoyment.

The jingle and buzz of the refreshment room with all the pretty euphemisms that accompanied the place, as all good things do, came to an end, and some one at the piano struck up "Auld Lang Syne," but the discovery that we could sing set us agoing, and old college songs came back to us and we sang:—

"Co-ca-che-lunk, chelunk, chelaly;" then "Mary had a little lamb;" "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom;" then "Uddee, idee, ida," and a walloking number of old-time songs. Miss Greenlaw bore her celebration with quiet dignity, radiant with the thought that the years of her service were so highly appreciated. During her long connection with "Old Hartford," she has devoted herself with assiduous attention to the duties of her position, and all over New England former pupils now in active life will rejoice to know that the kind lady who mothered them while at school is still vigorous and energetic. They will unite with us in benedictions upon a term of service so full of beneficence and trust that "Our Matron may long be spared to care for the children of this school."

GURNEY.

AT REST.

From the Newton, Mass., Graphic, Nov. 1.

By the sudden death in Auburndale, Oct. 23, of Mr. Elijah Jones, five children are deprived of a tender and loving father, and a noble and well-known form is missed from Newton streets.

Like his wife, who preceded him to the rest of Paradise four months ago, Mr. Jones came of excellent ancestry. His great-grandfather came directly from Wales to Norwalk, Conn. Both his father and grandfather were Episcopal clergymen, the latter being the first settled in Elmira, N. Y., and the former also having a parish in that city. There Mr. Jones was born, and there, for more than fifty-five years, he resided, serving faithfully as a vestryman of Trinity Church, as a leading merchant and as a promoter of educational and municipal improvements. During his residence of thirteen years in Brooklyn, N. Y., and of four years in Auburndale, he showed the same sterling qualities, although for twelve years past he has not been engaged in active business.

To Elmira his thoughts have always fondly turned. There he brought up his large family of sons and daughters; there he turned to bury his wife, and there his children have now lovingly borne him. His younger son hastened from Georgia, and his third daughter, Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, from New York, that they might perform this last service. Another daughter is on her way from California, while the youngest of all has long been his faithful companion. Only the son whose home is in England is unable to bewitch them.

Prayers for the family were conducted by the Rev. John Matteson, who had been a most faithful friend and comforter from the first moment of attack. The funeral was held in Elmira, conducted by Rev. Dr. McKnight, assisted by the Rev. Isaac Jennings, and attended by a large circle of old friends and relatives. The floral decorations were pure white, and the face, but slightly changed from its appearance in life, was majestic and peaceful.

To the very last, although beyond the allotted threescore and ten, Mr. Jones kept the tall, erect form, the noble, martial bearing, which were admired by so many.

Always hospitable, genial and kind, especially to the unfortunate, he proved himself a true Christian gentleman, a brave and loyal soldier of the Lord, and his swift and sudden translation to higher service was glorious and fitting.

From stress of earthly strife
To peace beyond all thought,
The swift, glad summons brought.
Firm, calm and strong, replied
The steadfast soldier, "Here!"
No armor laid aside,
No faltering, pause, or fear.
One moment, earth, the next,
Lo! Paradise revealed!
One hour by doubt perplexed,
Then mystery unsealed!

Now, fought the glorious fight,
Life's eager race well run,
He rests in changeless light,
Eternal victory won!

ALICE C. JENNINGS

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

DECEMBER 20.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's, in St. John the Evangelist's Church, New York. Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

Trinity Church, Newark.

St. Mark's, Tarrytown.

FANWOOD.

Commemorating Harvey Prindle Peet's Birthday.

THE CHAPEL EXERCISES

The Deaf Tigers Defeat Eli's Football Team--An Account of the Game--A New Society--Notes.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Harvey Prindle Peet, LL.D., Ph.D., has long since gone to his reward, but his memory is kept green at the Institution for which he did so much. His life and labors are well-known in this country, as well as abroad, where he more than once went in quest of information of how the deaf could be taught in the best possible manner. I must be remembered that in his day the education of the deaf was in its infancy. When Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet first took charge of the New York Institution in 1831, most of the pupils were grown up men and women. Educators of to-day well know what a task it is to instruct such pupils. The Israelites looked upon Moses to conduct them to the promised land, and these unfortunates looked upon Harvey Prindle Peet to lead them out of the darkness. To-day over three thousand five hundred educated deaf-mutes owe their education to the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, which was made possible by his efforts, for the Board of Directors at one time became so discouraged in attempting to educate the deaf, that they came near abandoning the benevolent undertaking. Hence it is fitting that Fanwood should annually set aside the 19th day of November on which to honor Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet.

This year November 19th fell on Tuesday, it was the 101st anniversary of his birth. School and work were suspended; at ten o'clock all the pupils and teachers assembled in the chapel, where the event was commemorated in a fitting manner.

In the middle of the platform, resting against the lectern, was a three-quarter size framed portrait of Harvey P. Peet, handsomely bedecked with roses and chrysanthemums.

Principal Currier opened the exercises with a few remarks. The 23d Psalm was then signed by eight girls. The Lord's Prayer was recited orally by all the pupils. After a fervent prayer by Principal Currier, the exercises proper began.

Principal Currier explained in a clear, and at the same time very impressive manner, why the day was set aside as a holiday. After enlightening the younger pupils, the following was written on the blackboard, requesting every one to remember the same:

HARVEY PRINDLE PEET
Born Bethlehem, Ct., Nov. 19, 1794
Principal 1831-1867
Died January 1, 1873

Washington's birthday is celebrated by all, because Washington had saved the country from British tyranny, he said, and Harvey Prindle Peet's birthday is celebrated at Fanwood, because Dr. Peet freed the deaf from darkness through his labors and now all the deaf are assured of an education.

He then called upon Prof. T. F. Fox for a few remarks. Prof. Fox speaking of Dr. H. P. Peet, referred to many of the teachers who had served under Dr. Peet, some of whom are still filling honored positions in other schools for the deaf. Of those who have passed away, and with whom he was personally acquainted, he spoke in glowing terms—Rev. John Pettigrew and Prof. Jacob Van Nostrand, under whom he had received valued instruction. He gave many amusing incidents of his experience while under them as a pupil, and depicted their characters as men and teachers on a manner which proved that he esteemed them highly.

Prof. W. G. Jones was the next speaker. After explaining how he had been punished twice by Dr. Peet while a pupil, he paid a tribute to the late C. K. W. Strong, who once had been his teacher. Prof. Jones also related many incidents about Dr. Peet.

The choir of girls sang America in signs.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson was the next speaker. His remarks were made in signs, and read by Principal Currier orally. The following is the substance:

"From time immemorial it has been the custom to commemorate in song and story the deeds that have made men illustrious and great. Victories won on the field of battle and triumphs in the halls of State, carry with them an imperishable glory which history

holds up for the admiration and emulation of men. But the soldier and the statesman are not the only benefactors of the human race. In less prominent spheres of life, deeds have been done that are equally deserving of the applause of posterity.

"Therefore it is that to-day we assemble to do honor and render homage to one whose life and labor has been so fruitful of good in the cause of unfortunate humanity. Though the field was circumscribed the labor was ample, and the problems to be solved required the highest order of intellect. Harvey Prindle Peet stands at the forefront of the pioneers in the education of the deaf. The impress of his work is strong and lasting. He laid the foundation deep and firm, and although results in his time were far behind those of the present, it must be remembered that, in great measure, he contributed to make the high results of to-day possible. He planned and caused the enactment of laws that made education free to all the deaf; his pen was ever active in the compilation of text books that simplified the work of the teacher and made smooth the path of the pupil to enlightenment and knowledge. He proved that the pen is mightier than the sword, and also demonstrated that the sign language—under certain conditions—is mightier than the pen.

"I have been told that in matters of principle Harvey P. Peet was unflinching and uncompromising. He was a man of strong convictions and never lacked the courage to uphold them. Though stern and commanding in all that pertained to the duties of his office, he was socially kind and generous hearted and a most companionable man.

"The late Mr. Gamage used to remark that our present Principal found in Harvey P. Peet his exact prototype, that he was the *fin de siècle* reproduction of the greatest Principal the institution has had since it was founded seventy-eight years ago.

"It is my misfortune to have never seen Harvey Prindle Peet, and were it not for the records to be found in the Annals of the Deaf, and the reminiscences of the old-time graduates, my impressions and inspirations would have to be taken from a steel engraving or a plaster profile. But even from these one can discern the strength of character and mark the facial outlines that tell of keen intelligence and a spirit of benevolence. He gave all the best years of his life to the cause of deaf-mute education, and even the infirmities of old age were insufficient to keep him from the institution and the work which he loved, and it can be truthfully said that he died in the official harness which he was reluctant to discard.

"We can learn much from the story of his life that should be an inspiration to noble effort. One thing of Harvey P. Peet is patent to all, that he did a great life work and has left, clear and indelible, 'footprints upon the sands of time.'"

Prof. J. H. Johnson, Principal of the Alabama Institution, who was present, was invited to say a few words. Prof. Johnson's remarks were supplemented by a brief account of the rise and progress of the Alabama Institution. He then paid a high tribute to Dr. Peet, the New York Institution and to the present principal.

The choir of girls signed the doxology and then the exercises came to an end.

In the afternoon the much-talked-of football game between the two picked teams took place on the Institution field. Captain McVea of the "Princeton" team said very little of his chances of victory, as Lamm, the full back, of whom much was expected, could not play, having the day before been injured in a practice game. Captain Kiernan, too, said very little of the chances of victory for the "Yale" team, but Izquierdo was ready to talk, so confident was he of victory that he predicted a big score for "Yale."

Both sides had supporters. The girls chose "Yale" as the probable winner, and the blue ribbons displayed almost obscured the few that were brave enough to declare they were for "Princeton." Notwithstanding this, McVea and his deaf tigers were not discouraged.

The teams lined up as follows:

"Princeton."	Positions.	"Yale."
Marks	Left end	Losey
Colwell	Left tackle	D. Meyer
Prinsinzing	Left guard	Utrazanka
Cox	Center	H. Cohen
E. Mayer	Right guard	Lynch
Konkel	Right tackle	O. D. Smith
Moeslein	Left end	Suk
Muench	Quarter back	Ellis
Bachman	Left half back	Dooty
Elfin	Right half back	Izquierdo
McVea, Capt.	Full back	Kiernan, Capt.

The game began at 2:30 P.M. Kick-off by Bachman. Caught by Kiernan, and was punted back to Princeton's 35 yard line. They line up now. McVea is given the ball and makes five yards gain through centre. The longest run of the game is made by Bachman, who is sent through right end, and scores the first touch down. McVea kicks goal. Score, Princeton, 6; Yale 0.

In the next line up, G. Utrazanka sends the ball a good way down the field. Marks makes a good catch, and runs five yards before he is downed. Moeslein makes ten

yards around left end, Colwell three yards, McVea 7 yards, Mayer 3 yards, Bachman 3 yards, all around right end. McVea then is sent through centre for five yards. Colwell is given ball, but fails to gain, as also does the three successive attempts. Yale's ball, but unable to gain, and ball again goes to Princeton on downs. Princeton again fails to make any advance. It was at this stage that kept every body guessing. Finally by mass play, which by mutual consent by both sides was allowed, Princeton braces up, and McVea makes second touch down. Goal kicked by McVea. Score, Princeton, 12; Yale, 0.

Determination was visible from the faces of the Yale side, but poor judgment had a great deal to do with their repeated failure in advancing the ball. After eight minutes more, McVea makes the third touch down, and is also successful at goal. Score, Princeton, 18; Yale, 0.

SECOND HALF.

The second half was almost a repetition of the first. The Princeton team added 14 more points to their score. Score, Princeton, 32; Yale, 0.

The chief fault with both teams was their slowness in lining up. But as very little regard was paid to the new rules as played by the intercollegiate association, it may be termed a burlesque game. Mr. James Avena was Referee; A. Capelli, Umpire; H. Cooke, Linesman; H. Lamm, Sawbones.

The real Yale-Princeton game was played on Saturday, November 23d, at Manhattan Field. Yale won, 20 to 10.

In the evening a very enjoyable party occurred in the girls' study. It was given under the auspices of the Societas Document Vivorum, a new society recently organized, which is composed of the officers of the cadets, as the boys are now called. For the success of the party the boys are indebted to Principal Currier, Matron Wilcox, and Mr. W. H. Van Tassel.

It began with a grand march led by Herman Lamm and Miss Edith Gray, followed by about thirty couples of the advanced boys and girls. The following order of dance was faithfully gone through:—

1. March
 2. Waltz
 3. Lanciers
 4. Deux Temps
 5. Polka
- and the following games were played:—
1. Apple balancing, with ten spoons.
 2. Hopping race.
 3. Guessing contest.
 4. Apple eating contest.
 5. Ticker.
 6. Apple race.
 7. Spear apples with forks.
 8. Helen's Naughty baby.
 9. Raisin eating contest.

Refreshments were served at 10:30.

Following is the names of the winners of games, and prizes awarded:

Guessing Contest—H. Lamm, a cocoanut cake and a silver pin-cushion.

Apple balancing—S. Cox, a folding pocket book; Miss Nettie Elsworth, a pearl penholder.

Apple Eating Contest—Miss Nettie Elsworth, a box of perfume; Eli Ellis, a box of confectionery.

Apple race—Miss Edna Pindar, a box of tooth powder.

Hopping race—Miss Bertha Spahn, a pearl pen-knife; H. Muench, a handy pocket knife.

The game of "Helen's Naughty Baby"—Edward Rappholdt, a bottle of milk and a box of confectionery.

The party terminated at about eleven o'clock.

The officers of Societas Document Vivorum are Herman Lamm, President; John Kaiser, Secretary; E. Mayer, Treasurer; Robert H. McVea, Chairman, James Avena and H. Beck, Committee.

NOTES.

It is Editor Gardner now, the same Mr. Isaac B. Gardner who used to be superintendent of the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes at Wappingers Falls, and who last year was a tutor of the boys at Fanwood. Mr. Gardner is a hearing man, familiar with the deaf, and ought to keep up the high standard of the *Optic* that it has attained under the management of Profs. Clarke, Yates, Michaels and others.

The monthly social reunion was held in the girls' study Saturday evening, November 23d. Among those present not connected with the Institution were Mr. Geo. B. Whitlocke of Gallaudet College, and two hearing gentlemen, whose names have escaped my memory.

Mr. James M. Moynan, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. R. E. Underwood, of Baltimore, Md., visited Fanwood on Monday forenoon. They came to this city to witness the foot-ball game, last Saturday and remained in town till Monday evening.

Many from hereabouts saw the Yale-Princeton foot-ball game Saturday. Messrs. Fox, Hodgson

and Haight had a field box, and were able to see all the fine points of the game. I had a soap box, and had to stand on that to see the game.

Mr. Geo. B. Whitlocke, '97, Gallaudet College, arrived in town Saturday morning, to witness the annual football game between Yale and Princeton. He had with him a fish horn which he intended to add to the noise that usually follows every football game, but Mr. Whitlocke did not blow the said fish horn after the game, but he is in no way responsible for Princeton's defeat. At Fanwood, where he stopped till Sunday evening, he made many friends. He also saw something of the city. He left Sunday evening with regret that he couldn't stay longer.

Mr. James H. Caton is spending a couple of days at the Institution.

Messrs. Ovid Cohen, of Erie, Pa., and E. F. Hahn, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., but now of this city, visited the Institution last Thursday. They were shown around by Messrs. Arthur Izquierdo and Louis Cohen.

Mr. Albert P. Knight, who has been an instructor for twenty-seven years, eleven years at Fanwood and sixteen years at Rome, N. Y., paid his *Alma Mater*—Fanwood—a visit this week. In appearance he looks altered somewhat, but his signs are forcible and clear as of old. Since two years ago, when he resigned as a teacher of the Rome school, he has done hardly anything except travel.

Henry Zerovitch, of this city, who recently made his second trip to the Pacific Slope was here twice this week, and gave an account of his trip to several of the boys, who listened with awe at his many hardships and with wonderment at his "daring" courage. Such visits from boys of his kind should be prohibited, as it has a bad influence over the boys in school. A few years ago, after he had tramped across the country, he paid a similar visit, the result was that two of the pupils made the attempt, but not possessing the same nerve as this individual, they gave up their trip and returned after they had tramped as far as Albany, N. Y.

The Trade School building has received a set back the past few days, on account of rain. However, the third story has been reached, and under favorable weather, they expect to put up the roof next week.

Tutor Shanks now gets daily Weather Bulletins from Farmer Dunn. Last week he received a neat oak frame from the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C. Mr. Shanks has presented it to the Journal office.

Theatre parties from Fanwood were many during last week. The plays now in this city are attractive just at present, and the prospects are that it will be a prosperous season for the theatres, and plenty of rare treats for the theatre-goers. It is to be regretted that "Miss Pygmalion," a play without words, has been withdrawn at Daly's. Middle. Jane May, the celebrated Parisian comedienne, has won national reputation in the comedy-pantomime line, but the public did not appreciate this kind of "mute acting," and it had to go. It will perhaps be a long time before any thing in the line of pantomime will again be billed in such a first-class theatre as Daly's. This is to be regretted, because it is a rare treat to the deaf. A. QUAD.

A Birthday Reception.

An elaborate supper was given at the cosy home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Meisel, on Saturday evening, November 17th, in compliment to their friend, Mrs. William S. Wright, the day being the anniversary of her birthday. The table was handsomely decorated; American beauty roses and chrysanthemums were profusely used in the decorations, while an amusing novelty was the introduction of pretty little Japanese monkeys, cats and dolls as souvenirs, that had been hidden in a handsome cake.

The dinner was prepared by the hostess, Mrs. Meisel, and was much enjoyed by the guests.

MENU.

Oysters a la Poulette
Olives, Celery, Radishes
Chicken Salad, Lobster Salad
Assorted Sandwiches
Fruit, Fruit Ice cream
Fancy cakes, Bon bons
Fruit Cheese
Cafe noir.

Toasts were drunk to honor the guests in bumpers of fine old wine.

Social converse, comic stories, anecdotes and jokes were indulged in, and the merriment was kept up into the wee small hours of the morning. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. William S. Wright, Miss Werdenschlag, the Misses Kaufman, Mr. David Werdenschlag, Mr. Samuel Werdenschlag, Mr. Sylvester Werdenschlag, Mr. Loewenstein, of New Rochelle, and Mr. Kohn.

The Salem Society.

The officers for 1895-'96 are: President, Mrs. Persis S. Bowden; Treasurer, Mrs. Nora N. Cross; Secretary, Edwin W. Frisbee, 182 Broadway, Everett, Mass.; Directors Frank Nolan and Henry A. Chapman.

Bulwer's Last Poem.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no sin! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath a summer shower
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flower.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hanging moss they bear;
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the vireless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall.
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
For coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then—we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transported into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead!

NEVER A SHADOW SINCE.

"But isn't she pretty, though?" murmured Mrs. Lambert.

Mr. Lambert responded by a look too full of gratification for words.

They were not in their dotage, these two old people, but they were very old, and the appearance of their long-expected niece at their home had produced upon them an overwhelming sensation.

Not only was it novelty to have a young person in the house, but such a perfectly radiant creature was rare in any house.

Such a face of roses and lilies, with burnished curls of gold drooping on the low brow—sweet eyes of dark violet, and heaven's own smile!

Nothing like Juliet Faye's beauty was ever seen at Walnutville, and the old people were sure, with her gentle manners, that she was good as she was pretty.

She was the youngest child of Mrs. Lambert's youngest sister, lately deceased, and she had come to the lilies to reside permanently. "Sixteen! Old enough to come out," murmured Mrs. Lambert. "And such a little lady! Lydia Bellingham has no such girl among hers!"

Now it had secretly vexed dear Mrs. Lambert that Mrs. Bellingham, her social rival, had always a crowd of pretty granddaughters and nieces at her house, making the place, since young ladies are irresistibly attractive, very popular. But not one was to compare with the lovely Juliet.

Juliet, escaping, after two hours' examination, from her relatives' presence, was allured down the main walk of the old garden.

It was indeed a garden of lilies. Yellow daisy-lilies dropped in beds, white ones gleamed, and clumps of spotted tigers glowed in the sun, while the red velvety amaryllis burned like fire among the green.

Coming at length to the water, the girl uttered a cry of delight; for dappled with sunshine, shimmered hosts of lovely white water lilies. She clasped her jeweled hands in ecstasy.

She was certainly charming in her azure dress and with pretty uncovered head, at the edge of the water, and perhaps the occupant of a little canopied boat up the river thought so, for silently the boat glided away from its moorings among the willows and came slipping along the dark waters of the pool.

"Would you like some lilies?" asked a baritone voice.

And turning, startled, Juliet saw the handsomest young man she had ever seen in her life sitting in the stern of the pretty boat, his hat in his hand. The voice, the attitude, the courteous question, disarmed apprehension.

"Yes, I should," she replied, with only a natural constraint.

In an instant the young gentleman had changed his seat and shot among them. In a moment he had a great, fragrant dripping, hand-ful, and the young girl's eagerness and delight brought a smile to his rather gloomy countenance.

"Oh, I never saw anything so beautiful!" she cried.

"I suppose they are pretty," replied the young man, "but I've seen them every June for five years, and they haven't the charm of novelty for me. Indeed, nothing here has. You are a stranger, are you not?"

He had pushed his boat among the rushes to hand her the flowers, and sat looking over his shoulder at the rosy face she turned to him.

"Yes, I have come to the lilies to live. Mrs. Lambert is my aunt." The young man gave vent to a soft, low whistle.

Then laughing, and with his usually wearied expression displaced by one of mirth, he was such a very handsome fellow that Juliet was lost in admiration, but in an instant the girl's expression changed.

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, you know," replied her companion frankly, "I haven't seen such a pretty girl as you are since I have lived here, and I would like to have an introduction, and call at your home, if it was any other place. But at the lilies—out of the question," he concluded.

Then, as she regarded him in perplexity, he lifted his straw hat, and with a pleasant parting glance, pulled away out of the pool and

round a sudden bend of the river out of sight.

Juliet breathed in the delicious odor of her lilies pensively, and turned homeward. Her adventure had been a pleasure, but it left a regret.

"I never met anybody so nice," she said. "But he will forget me." That evening her Aunt Lambert said:

"My dear, I hope you will be discreet as you are pretty—about making acquaintances for one thing."

"Yes, aunt," she murmured with a little blush.

"Be choice—be select. Above all, don't admit the Brennans to your acquaintance."

"Who are they, auntie?"

The Brennans are uncle and nephew, who live on the next estate, separated by the river. Col. Brennan is very wealthy, and Roland, his nephew, is his heir. The former is a bachelor."

"Why mustn't I know them?" asked Juliet.

"On account of a family feud which has existed for twenty years," replied the old lady, solemnly.

"Twenty years ago, my dear, you must know that my daughter, your Aunt Delight, was a very pretty girl. She was engaged to Colonel Brennan—then only Lieutenant Brennan. He seemed fond of her; she adored him. Suddenly; without cause or explanation, he jilted Delight—dropped the engagement in silence, and she making her wedding clothes! It nearly killed my poor girl."

"Her father threatened to shoot him, but I said, 'No violence!' I preferred the dignified course. I nursed my poor child, dragged her about in travel—kept her from mourning herself to death—until I met Admiral Phillips, and I persuaded Delight to marry him. He was older than she, but he was rich and a fine man, and I knew would make her a fine husband, and I knew she would learn to love him. She did, but we have never forgiven Colonel Brennan—your uncle and I—and we never shall!"

"Has he married?" asked Juliet, her blue eyes wide with this disastrous tale.

"No; I never knew why," replied Mrs. Lambert.

Another afternoon found Juliet again in the garden.

Her footsteps strayed again to the Lily pool.

Looking across the river, and seeing the walls of a grand, gray mansion rising among the green, a suspicion that she had already admitted one of the forbidden Brennans to her acquaintance crept into her heart.

Yet a blush and smile illuminated her lovely countenance as she saw the pretty canopied boat float out among the willows.

"Good afternoon," called out the young man across the lily pads, and indeed he looked quite vivacious; "I was in hopes you would come down here. Isn't it lovely?"

He pulled up among the bobbing pads.

"Would you like some more lilies?"

"Yes," returned Juliet, "but—you are one of the Brennans, and I am forbidden to know them."

He looked up with an understanding glance and a smile.

"If I am, you will have to excuse me for it. We will have the lilies in any event," pulling at the long, glistening, pink-green stems; "now these are regular beauties—the finest of the season. Glad I can do something for you. It's very jolly to have a young lady down here. I was lonesome. Do you want any more?" loading her hands. Won't you come into the boat?" he added earnestly, seeming to apprehend that the meeting would now end; "it's nice here on the water, and very comfortable and if am a Brennan, I am respectable," he added.

He met her wistful eyes with sympathy.

"You want to go—I see you do. And, you see, you don't know that I am a Brennan," he laughed.

"No," faltered Juliet.

And the sunshine was so bright on the crystal stream, the shadows so golden green under the willows, the distance so alluring, she set a little foot in the boat and in a moment was far down the river, winding between the rushes.

A heaven on earth followed: for gay youth loves gay youth, and green and blue were glad together that afternoon. But when Juliet sprang upon the grass again the smile faded her face.

"I know well enough that you are Roland Brennan," she said. "Thank you for a nice time, but please don't ask me to go boating again. My aunt is very kind to me, and I don't wish to disobey her."

"But what am I to do?" asked the young man quickly. "I never had such a happy afternoon in my life. Why, I'm terribly lonesome. My uncle won't let me associate with Tom, Dick and Harry, even if I wanted to, because we are rich and must keep up the dignity of the family. And he won't let me take up a profession or learn a business because he wants to keep me with him. He's a grand old fellow, but I've come to almost hate the place, and now I like you so well you—you are going to throw me over."

Cards and feeding show the breeding.—*New Proverb.*

"Oh, no," said Juliet, blushing, "I couldn't do anything so rude," innocently. "I—I presume we shall meet sometimes?"

"In society. I am to be at the picnic to-morrow; and me aunt is to take me next week to spend a few days with Mrs. Bellingham."

"Good! Then I see my way clear," exclaimed the young man, throwing up his hat enthusiastically.

At the picnic at Mrs. Bellingham's hospitable house, at parties and balls, this Romeo and Juliet met; and though the girl's heart quaked sometimes under her aunt's proud old eyes, and a sorrowful shame filled her breast, Roland Brennan's tact staved off discovery until late in the autumn.

Juliet knew that by a word, a smile, she made this handsome lover very happy, and if a proud and resentful relative was to be made miserable by the fact that she loved this forbidden young man as dearly as he loved her, she could not feel quite altogether to blame.

If Aunt Lambert had been stern she would not have cared at all, but she was the most indulgent if guardians, and Juliet could not be altogether happy, though she lay among the roses and fed on the lilies of life.

Then Mrs. Delight Phillips came from abroad. She was a pretty, blooming woman of forty, evidently with a perfectly sound heart. She had been a widow a year. She had a sunny smile, and Juliet liked her.

The latter had committed herself to a secret skating expedition with Roland Brennan. The river was frozen for the first time, and both were passionately fond of the amusement.

She had run lightly down the snowy garden, and had caught Roland's arm with a merry salutation, when two figures, warmly wrapped in furs, stepped from under the pine trees.

Roland started violently, the little skates dropped with a clang from Juliet's nerveless hand.

"Juliet!" cried Aunt Lambert reproachfully.

"Mr. Roland Brennan!" pronounced Uncle Lambert stiffly.

The four eyed each other solemnly in the moonlight.

Roland was the first to recover himself.

"Mr. Lambert," he said, "give me an opportunity to talk this over with you."

"No time like the present. Come to the house," said Uncle Lambert.

So the four marched into the dimly lit front drawing room. The back drawing room was quite dark.

"I can never forgive Juliet!" sobbed Aunt Lambert, breaking down and throwing herself into an easy chair.

"But I fail to see," commenced Roland, manfully addressing both the old people, "where we have done any harm. How I could I help loving Juliet, having first seen her by accident? I would die to save her a sorrow! Have a care, Mr. Lambert, how you slight so honest a love as mine for your niece, who, excepting you, has no other friend in the world, I believe. Am I so bad a match for her?"

"Your uncle, young man, treated my daughter very badly!" exclaimed Mrs. Lambert. "The family feud—"

"Here let it end," pronounced a pleasant voice from behind, and Mrs. Delight and an elderly gentleman advanced into the apartment.

"I have forgiven Colonel Brennan."

"I was lied to by a rival," interrupted Colonel Brennan. "I was induced to believe that Delight was to jilt me at the last minute. I denied myself ever seeing her again, but I have been a very unhappy man, my friends. When I had reason to believe I had been deceived the woman I loved was far away. Before I could reach her she was married. After all these years she has forgiven me."

"We are to be married at Christmas, so let resentment against these young folks end. Let us all be happy together," said Delight with her sunny smile, which was so contagious that Aunt Lambert snatched weeping Juliet to her breast and kissed her.

Then all the women kissed each other and the three men shook hands. And there has never been a shadow of trouble in family since.

No Accident.

The reporter that had accompanied the special train to the scene of the wreck hurried down the embankment and found a man who had one arm in a sling, a bandage over his eye, his front teeth gone and his nose knocked four points to starboard, sitting on a piece of a locomotive and surveying the horrible ruin all about him.

"Can you give me some particulars of this accident?" he asked, taking out his notebook.

"I have not heard of any accident, young man," replied the disfigured party, stiffly.

He was one of the directors of the company.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

It is better.

It is better to be religious than to be rich.

It is better to wear garments of righteousness than fine linen and broad cloth.

It is better to have a clean heart and a right spirit than to have a god watch or a diamond ring.

It is better to read your title clear to a mansion in the skies, than to own a thousand acres of land and lose your soul.

It is better to be a doorkeeper in house of the Lord, than to have a high place in the tents of wickedness.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

It is better to be an humble spirit with the lonely than to divide the spoils with the proud.

It is better to bear the rebuke of the wise than to hear the song [have the praise] of fools.

It is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well doing than for evil doing.—*Tye Rom's Horn.*

The dentist and the real estate man are alike in one thing: they both have to do with acres.

MEANING OF MONTHS.

January begins the year and looks both ways—towards the year just past and to that is just coming. It was therefore named Janus, for the god of war. Suffice it to say, January begins the year now, and the other months are to be explained in their turn.

February was an unfortunate month from the start. The Romans did not at first intend to have any such month, but finding the year all askew they added some days at the last of it, and designated them as the days "to purify" ("februare in old Latin.) Finding they had set the time too early they put the new month after January and measured it by the moon.

March is a name of war. The Romans named it for Mars, their war god.

April is supposed to be so called because things open about that time (Latin "aperire.")

May is by the common consent a synonym for flowers and poetry, women and children, music and moonlight—every thing sweet and soft. As a matter of fact the popular poetry for the month would suit the last half of it and the first half of June much better. The Romans named it from Maia, daughter of Atlas and mother of Mercury.

June was the wife of Jupiter in in classic mythology—hence June. July commemorates Julius Caesar.

August, with its thirty-one days, is a perpetual reminder of Augustus Caesar [Octavius].

September is the month, and the 14th the particular day on which the creation of the world was completed, according to the old rabbins. In the Roman calendar it was the seventh month, and so they named it from septem—"seven."

October was the Roman's eighth month originally, and therefore named octo—"eight." In the legends it was set down as the month in which Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise.

November was ninth (novem) month to the Romans.

December the tenth (decem) month in the old Roman calendar, but now the twelfth, is the month of holy memories in all Christian lands. The yule log and the Christmas tree, Kriss Kringle and Santa Claus, the vacation, the home coming, the gifts and the holidays—these are of December. Christmas has conquered all classes.—*Ex.*

One Perfect Home.

The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house—into the sweet incense of whose fire went no costly things, but the mother was a creator of home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf, which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the essay or story she had on hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence.

She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, homemaker. It is more than twenty years since I crossed her threshold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But as I see house after house in which fathers and mothers and children are dragging out their lives in a haphazard alternation of listless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think with a sigh of that poor little cottage by the seashore and of the woman who was "the light thereof," and I find in the faces of many men and children as plainly written and as sad to see as in the newspaper columns, "Wanted, a home."

Ashlon (England) Reporter.

What Men Admire in Wives.

Men admire in their wives the virtue of sympathy, which means a heart that is readily touched with a tale of joy or sorrow. They like intelligence, but if they can only have one or the other of the two qualities in their helpmates, then they would generally prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain. They, above all, like women who seem always to possess a continual source of sunshine in themselves, and whose faces are index to the contented mind, which is said to be a continual feast. They like a woman to dress well, but that is not necessarily either expensively or conspicuously. They want in women companions who know enough of the world and its ways and of what is going on there to be able to talk intelligently with them of all in which they themselves are interested, and of their hopes and fears for the future, so that they may be ready with cheering words of sympathy and encouragement when they are needed.

A RECEPTION.

A reception was tendered to Miss Jessie Seelig and Mr. Louis Rosenzweig, who are engaged to be married, in Mrs. Seelig's house on East 49th Street, this city, last Sunday. The reception was in Fifth Avenue style. They are recipients of many valuable presents, among which is a chair all of real gold.

Among many wealthy relatives present were: Messrs. Schwarzschild & Fleischhauser, wholesale butchers, of New York City—the former is an uncle and the latter a brother-in-law of Mrs. Seelig. Three deaf-mutes were invited guests: Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Goldfogle and Miss Ida Antspach.

The intended bride's mother was graduated from "Fanwood" school about twenty-five years ago, and has now four hearing children (besides the intended bride)—oldest daughter aged 18 years and the youngest daughter 8 years old.

The intended bridegroom is a wealthy merchant and speaks seven languages fluently.

Brattleboro, Vermont.

"Chris" arrived at this place on Thursday, and on Saturday he was surprised and pleased to meet the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain in the hotel corridor. They both went to the parsonage of St. Michael's Episcopal Church. In the evening Rev. Mr. Chamberlain registered in the Brooks House, the same that "Chris" is in. A pleasant short talk was had in "Chris's" room. On Sunday services were held in the church. There were only three other mates besides "Chris,"—Mr. and Mrs. Oliver F. Bastian, nee Holden, and Miss Maggie Nolan, all are of the Hartford School. With them was Miss Holden, Mrs. B.'s sister, an amiable young lady who uses the mute alphabet quite fluently. Mr. Bastian works in the Esley Organ Co.'s Extensive Works here, and has been here ten years. The couples are very intelligent and well informed.

CHRIS.

Brooklyn Guild.

A regular and business of the Brooklyn Guild Meeting will be held in St. Mark's Church on Adelphi Street, between Dekalb and Willoughby Avenues, on Thursday, December 5th, at 8 P.M. Mr. Godfrey will lecture for one hour that evening. Come one, come all.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet will lecture in the Guild Room on Thursday, January 2d, 1896.

CHAS. E. GREEN, Sec'y.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

DECEMBER.
1—10:30 A.M., Chicago, Holy Communion.
1—3 P.M., Chicago, Evening Prayer and Sermon.
2—10:30 A.M., Holland, Mich., Special Service.
3—3:00 P.M., Grand Rapids, Evening Prayer and Sermon.
6—7:00 P.M., Toledo, Evening Prayer and Sermon.
7—7:00 to 10:30 P.M., Detroit, Social.
8—10:30 A.M., Detroit, Holy Communion.
8—3:30 P.M., Detroit, Evening Prayer and Sermon.
8—7:00 P.M., Detroit.

Rev. Mr. Mann's address is Gambier, Ohio.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

DECEMBER.
1—10:45 A.M., (Holy Communion), St. James, Buffalo.
1—7:30 P.M., (Evening Prayer), St. Paul's, Rochester.
5—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.
6—7:30 P.M., Grace Church, Watertown.
8—9:30 A.M., (Holy Communion), Trinity, Utica.
8—3:00 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.
8—7:00 P.M., Onondaga.
15—10:45 A.M., (Holy Communion), St. Paul's, Rochester.
15—7:30 P.M., (Evening Prayer), St. James, Buffalo.
20—7:30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.
22—10:45 A.M., and 5:00 P.M., Auburn.
22—7:45 P.M., Geneva.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER, 17 Glenwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

E. W. Frisbee's Appointments.

DECEMBER.
1—10:30 A.M., St. Luke's Chapel, Portland.
1—3:30 P.M., Second Parish, Portland.
EDWIN W. FRISBEE, 182 Broadway, Everett, Mass.

What Men Admire in Wives.

Men admire in their wives the virtue of sympathy, which means a heart that is readily touched with a tale of joy or sorrow. They like intelligence, but if they can only have one or the other of the two qualities in their helpmates, then they would generally prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain. They, above all, like women who seem always to possess a continual source of sunshine in themselves, and whose faces are index to the contented mind, which is said to be a continual feast. They like a woman to dress well, but that is not necessarily either expensively or conspicuously. They want in women companions who know enough of the world and its ways and of what is going on there to be able to talk intelligently with them of all in which they themselves are interested, and of their hopes and fears for the future, so that they may be ready with cheering words of sympathy and encouragement when they are needed.

DON'T MISS THE BALL OF THE Fanwood Quad Club AT THE LEXINGTON OPERA HOUSE

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Wednesday, January 22, '96

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

WM. G. JONES, Chairman; I. W. TYLER, W. W. THOMAS.

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GRAND Banquet-Reception COMMEMORATING THOMAS H. GALLAUDET'S 108th Birthday

The Arena

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Thursday Evening Dec. 10, at 8
TICKETS, \$1.50

Tickets may be procured of any member or the Secretary, Theo. A. Froehlich, 125 East 96th Street, New York City, will send them by mail on receipt of price of dinner. Tickets must be secured on or before the 7th of December, to insure the comfort and convenience of the guests. Absolutely no tickets will be sold at the door.

A LECTURE!!!

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The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society

The Top Floor of
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